



COMUS.

Act I.

Scene I.

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Printed

C O M U S.

A

M A S Q U E.

AS IT IS NOW ACTED AT THE

T H E A T R E S R O Y A L.

Altered from M I L T O N.

Quid vocis modulamen iuane juvabit
Verborum sensusque vacans numerique loquacis?

MILTON. *ad Patrem.*

L O N D O N:

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News-carriers, &c. in Great Britain and Ireland.

M, DCC, LXXXVII.

PROLOGUE.

OUR steadfast bard, to his own genius true,
Still had his muse "fit audience find, tho'
few."

Scorning the judgement of a trifling age,
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd; and, to Britannia's shame,
She scarce for half an age knew Milton's name.
But now, his fame by ev'ry trumpet blown,
We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, he survey'd around.
All things his eye, through wit's bright empire
thrown,

Beheld; and made what it beheld his own.

Such Milton was: 'tis ours to bring him forth,
And yours to vindicate neglected worth.
Such heav'n-taught numbers should be more than
read,

More wide the manna through the nation spread.
Like some bless'd spirit, he to-night descends;
Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
Through mazy error's dark perplexing wood,
Points out the path of true and real good.
Warns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
From spell of magic vice, by reason's aid.

Attend the strains; and, should some meaner
phrase

Hang on the style, and clog the nobler lays,
Excuse what we with trembling hand supply,
To give his beauties to the public eye;
His the pure essence, ours the grosser mean,
Through which his spirit is in action seen.
Observe the force, observe the flame divine,
That glows, breathes, acts, in each harmonious
line.

Great objects only strike the gen'rous heart;
Praise the sublime, o'erlook the mortal part;
Be there your judgement, here your candour shewn;
Small is our portion—and we wish 'twere none.

EPILOGUE.

SOME critic, or I am deceiv'd, will ask,
"What means this wild, this allegoric masque?"
"Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
"Can wands or cups transform men into brutes?"

"This idle stuff!"—And yet I'll prove it true:
Attend; for sure I mean it not of you.

The mealy sop, that tastes my cup, may try
How quick the change from beau to butterfly;
But o'er the Insect should the Brute prevail,
He grins a monkey with a length of tail.
One stroke of this, as sure as Cupid's arrow,
Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow.
Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
Feels a new warmth, and cooes a billing dove.
The sly coquet, whose artful tears beguile
Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile.
Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night;
Misers grow vultures, of rapacious mind,
Or more than vultures, they devour their kind;
Flatt'ers cameleons, creeping on the ground,
With ev'ry changing colour changing round.
The party-fool, beneath his heavy load,
Drudges a driven ass thro' dirty road.
While guzzling sots, their spouses say, are hogs;
And snarling critics, authors swear, are dogs.
But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd, at least,
All vice is folly, and makes man a beast.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Comus.
First Spirit.
Elder Brother.
Younger Brother.
Bacchanals.
Second Spirit.



W O M E N.

Lady.
Euphrosyne.
Bacchantes.
Sabrina, and Pastoral Nymph.

Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.

SCENE, a Wood near Ludlow Castle.

C O M M U S.

As this most excellent Performance is reduced to an After-piece, we have thought proper to give it as is now performed.

A C T I.

The first SCENE discovers a wild Wood.

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of men and women, dressed as Bacchanals; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus [Speaks.]

THE star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east:
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast.

S O N G.

I.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity:
Braid your locks and rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

D 2

II.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'lous head.
Strict age and sour severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.

Comus. We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry choir,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their sinny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.

S O N G. By a Woman.

I.

By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What has night to do with sleep?

II.

Night has better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and weakens Love:
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin.

Comus

Comus. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd *Coryto*, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecate*, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,
 The pice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity

S O N G, By *Comus and Woman.*

I.

From tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety:
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing;
 Love for ever on the wing.

II.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own;
 Pleasure courts our time alone.

Comus. Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

A D A N C E.

Break off, break off, I feel the diff'rent pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and
 trees;
 Our number may affright—some virgin, sure,
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,

Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious sight;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into *Inares*. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
 And hearken if I may her business hear.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be
 true,

My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment.
 I should be loth

To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late rioters; yet, O! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

Comus. [*Aside.*] I'll ease her of that care, and
 be her guide.

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd
 out,

Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far.
 I cannot hollow to my brothers; but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale, Where

Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 Oh, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's har-
 monies.

Comus, [*Aside.*] Can any mortal mixture of
 earth's mould

Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment;
 I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed.
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by bless'd song
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that
 praise

That is address'd to unattending ears:
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft
 you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-usher-
 ing guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf,
 To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded,
 lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
 return.

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present
 need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youth-
 ful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd
 lips.

Comus. Two such I saw under a mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of you small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human.
 If those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to heav'n
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
 My daily walk and ancient neighbourhood—
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or grant it otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till farther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy.
 In a place,
 Less warranted that this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength!—Shepherd, lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Comus's crew from behind the trees,

S O N G. By a Man.

I.

Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.

II.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
 Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what
 you gave.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, away!
 To Comus' court repair;
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting air.

E. Bro. ———— Lift, lift! I hear
Some far-off hallow break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Bro. For certain,
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister. Again, again!
and near.

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

Enter the first Attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

Y. Bro. That hallow I should know ——— What
are you; Speak?

E. Bro. Thyrsis, whose artful strains have oft
delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry must-rose of the dale?
How cam'st thou here, good swain? Has any ram
Slip'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

First Spirit. Where is my virgin lady, where is
she?

How chance she is not in your company?

E. Bro. To tell thee truly, shepherd, without
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

What fears, good Thyrsis? pr'ythee briefly shew.

First Spirit. Within the bosom of this hideous
wood,

Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus;
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And wanton as his father.

This have I learnt

Tending my flock hard by, i' th' hilly crofts,
Whence night by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl;
Yet have thy many baits and guileful spells,
And beauty's tempting semblance can put on

T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense.
But, hark! the beaten timbrel's jarring sound,
And wild tumultuous mirth, proclaim their pre-
sence.

Onward they move; and a blazing torch
This way guides their steps.
Let us withdraw awhile, and watch their motions:
[*They retire.*]

*Enter Comus's crew revelling, and, by turns, ca-
ressing each other, till they observe the two Bro-
thers; then the Elder Brother advances and
speaks.*

E. Bro. What are you; Speak? that thus in
wanton riot

And midnight revelry, like drunken Bacchanals,
Invade the silence of these lonely shades?

First Woman. Ye godlike youths,

Bless the propitious star that led you to us;
We are the happiest of the race of mortals,
Of freedom, mirth, and joy, the only heirs;
But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
Of present, and the pledge of future bliss.

[*She offers them the cup, which they both
put by.*]

SONG. By a Man.

I.

By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old.

II.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

E. Bro. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd
sweets,

That

That thus have render'd thee thy sex's shame,
All sense of honour banish'd from thy breast.
First Woman. Oh! how unseemly shews in
blooming youth

Such gray severity!—But come with us,
We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps;
There you shall taste the joys that nature sheds
On the gay spring of life, youth's flow'ry prime,
From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
Each rising hour by rising pleasures mark'd.

SONG. *By a Woman in a pastoral habit.*

I.

Would you taste the noon-tide air;
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.

II.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

III.

Round, the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

IV.

All alone—and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till bless'd and blessing, you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

First Woman. No more; these formal maxims
misbecome you,
They only suit suspicious shrivell'd age.

SONG. *By a Man and two Women.*

I.

Live, and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care;

Mind not what old dotards say;
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to day.

II.

From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scare-crow virtue fright.
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay and free.

E. Bro. How can your impious tongues profane
the name

Of sacred virtue, and yet promise pleasure
In lying songs of vanity and vice?
From virtue sever'd, pleasure phrenzy grows,
But we forget! Who hears the voice of truth,
In noisy riot and intemperance drown'd?
Thyrsis be then our guide! we'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

First Woman. Come, come, my friends, and
partners of my joys,

Leave to these pedant youths their bookish dreams;
Beyond the awe of this inspiring cup;
Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em.

Chorus. Away, away, away!

To Comus' court repair;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.

[*Exeunt singing.*]

A C T II.

SCENE *a magnificent hall in Comus's Palace.*
Comus and attendants stand on each side of the
lady, who is seated in an enchanted chair.

Comus speaks.

IN heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, Heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

Haste

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

[Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a nymph representing Euphrosyne, or Mirth; who advances to the lady, and sings the following song.]

S O N G.

I.

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here.
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars
 In my presence will appear;
 Love and harmony reign here.

II.

Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting,
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear;
 Love and harmony reign here.

Lady. How long must I, by magic fetters
 chain'd

To this detested seat, hear odious strains
 Of shameless folly which my soul abhors!

Comus. Ye sedge-crown'd Naiads, by twilight
 seen

Along Meander's mazy borders green,
 At Comus' call appear in all your azure sheen.

He waves his wand, the Naiads enter, and
 range themselves in order to dance.
 Now softly slow let Lydian measures move,
 And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.

[After the dance the pastoral nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats by way of soliloquy, the first six lines, and then sings the ballad. In the mean time she is observ'd by Euphrosyne, who, by her gesture, expresses to the audience her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several songs.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

How gentle was my Damon's air!
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign!
 And yet that cruel task is mine!

A B A L L A D.

I.

On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

II.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

R E C I T A T I V E. *By Euphrosyne.*

Love, the greatest bliss below,
 How to taste few women know;

Fewer still the way have hit
How a sickle swain to quit.
Simple nymphs then learn of me,
How to treat inconstancy.

B A L L A D.

I.

The wanton god, that pieces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

II.

Farewel lovers when they'e cloy'd;
If I'm scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

III.

They have charms whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my ease;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

IV.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me—whilst he can.

Comus speaks.

Cast thine eyes around and see,
How far from every element
Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
And her choicest blessings sent.
Hither summer, autumn, spring,
Hither all your tributes bring;
All, on bended knee be seen,
Paying homage to your queen.

[The second attendant Spirit enters gradually in a splendid machine, repeating the following lines to the lady, and sings, remaining still invisible to Comus and his crew.]

From the realms of peace above,
From the source of heav'nly love,
From the starry throne of Jove,
Where tuneful muses, in a glittering ring,
To the celestial lyre's eternal string,

Patient Virtue's triumph sing:
To these dim labyrinths, where mortals stray,
Maz'd in passion's pathless way,
To save thy purer breast from spot and blame
Thy guardian spirit came.

S O N G.

I.

Nor on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride;
Nor with swains in syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long reside.

II.

On awful virtue's hill sublime,
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
Who wins her height, must patient climb;
The steps are toil, and care.
So from the first did Jove ordain,
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

[Exit the Spirit, the music playing loud and solemn.]
Lady. Thanks, heav'nly songster! whoso'er
thou art,

Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls,
To bring the song of Virtue to mine ear!
O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
To heav'n ascend—far from these horrid fiends?

Comus. Mere airy dreams of air-bred people
these;

Who look with envy on more happy man!
Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[He offers the cup, which she puts by and attempts to rise.]

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
And you a statue:

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
Thou can'st not touch the freedom of my mind.

C O M U S.

With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind
Thou hast immanac'd while heav'n sees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts;
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds.

Lady. Know, base deluder, that I will not taste it.

Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[Points to his crew,

S O N G. By a Man.

Mortals learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure;
Soon your spring must have a fall;
Losing youth, is losing all;
Then you'll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.

Comus. Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted? But fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd en-
chantments.

Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I wou'd not taste thy treas'rous offer—None,
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
Shall I go on?

Or have I said enough?

Comus. Enough to shew

That you are cheated by the lying boasts
Of starving p'dants, that affect a fame
From seeming pleasures which they cannot reach.

Comus sings.

I.

Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

II.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long, if lost in care;
They only live, who life enjoy.

Comus. Lift, lady, be not coy, and be not co-
zen'd

With that fame vaunted name Virginity.
What need a vermell tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd: you are but young
yet;

This will inform you soon.

*[The Brothers rush in with swords drawn,
wrest the glass out of his hand, and break it
against the ground; his rout make signs of
resistance, but are all driven in.]*

Enter the first Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
O, ye mistook! you should have snatch'd his
wand

And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of deserv'ring pow'r,
We cannot free the lady, that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.—
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
That sways the Severn stream;
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song.

Enter

Enter the second Spirit.

Haste, Lycidas, and try the tuneful strain,
Which from her bed the fair Sabrina calls.

SONG. *By a second Spirit.*

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the grassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:
Listen, for dear honour's sake,
Goddeſs of the ſilver lake;
Listen and ſave.

Sabrina riſes and ſings.

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the oſier dank,
My ſliding chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with agate, and the azure ſheen
Of turkiſh blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel ſtrays;
Gentle ſwain, at thy requiſt,
I am here.

RECITATIVE.

Second Spirit. Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here diſtreſs'd,
Thro' the force, and thro' the wile,
Of unbleſs'd enchanter vile.

RECITATIVE.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help enſnared ſhaſtity:
Brighteſt lady, look on me;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops, that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip;
Next this marble venom'd ſeat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,

2

I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold:
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte, ere morning-hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

[Sabrina deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her ſeat; the Brothers embrace her tenderly.]

Y. Bro. Why did I doubt? Why tempt the
wrath of heav'n

To ſhed juſt vengeance on my weak diſtruſt?

E. Bro. The freedom of the mind, you ſee,
no charm,

No ſpell can reach; that righteous Jove forbids,
Leſt man ſhould call his frail divinity

The ſlave of evil, or the ſport of chance.

Inform us, Thyriſis, if for this thine aid,

We aught can pay that equals thy deſert.

Fiſt Spirit diſcovering himſelf.

Pay it to heav'n! There my manſion is:

That lent you grace to eſcape this curſed place;

To heav'n, that here has try'd your youth,

Your faith, your patience, and your truth,

And ſent you thro' theſe hard eſſays

With a crown of deathleſs praiſe.

[Then the two fiſt Spirits advance, and ſpeak alternately the following lines, which Milton calls epiloguizing.]

To the ocean now I fly,

And thoſe happy climes that lie

Where day never ſhuts his eye

Up in the broad fields of the ſky:

There I ſuck the liquid air,

All amidſt the gardens fair

Of Heſperus, and his daughters three,

That ſings about the golden tree.

Along the criſped ſhades and bowers

Revels the ſpruce and jocund ſpring;

The graces and the roſy-boſom'd hours

Thither all their bounties bring;

There eternal ſummer dwells,

And weſt-winds with muſky wing

About the cedarn alleys ſling

Nard and Caſſia's balmy ſmells.

Now my taſt is ſmoothly done,

I can fly & I can run,

Quickly

Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free:
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;

Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Chorus. Taught by virtue, you may climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

T H E E N D.



imb

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cr.

